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An Idyl of Oregon. Two webfoot brothers loved a fair Young lady, rich and good to see; And oh, her black abundant hair! And oh, her wondrous witchery! Her father kept a cattle farm: These brothers kept her safe from harm:

From harm of cattle on the hill: From thick-necked bulls loud bellowing The live-long merning, loud and shr.ll, And lashing sides like any thing; From rouring bulls that tossed the sand And pawed the lilies from the land.

There came a third young man. He came From far and famous Boston town. He was not handsome, was not game, But he could cook "a goose" as brown As any man that set foot on The sunlit shores of Oregon.

This Boston man he taught the school, Taught rentleness and love alway; Said love and kindness, as a rule, Would ultimately make it pay. He was so gentle, kind, that he Could make a noun and verb agree.

So when one day the brothers grew All jealous and did strip to fight, He gently stood between the two And meekly told them twas not right. I have a higher, better plan," Outspake this gentle, Boston man,

" My plan is this: Forget this fray About that hily hand of hers: Go take your guns and hunt all day High up you lofty hill of firs; And while you hunt, my loving doves, Why, I will learn which one she loves."

The brothers sat the windy hill.

Their hair shone yellow, like spun gold; Their r fles crossed their laps, but still They sat and sighed, and shook with cold. Their hearts lay bleeding far below; Above them gleamed white peaks of snow. Their hounds lay couching, slim and neat; A spotted circle in the grass, Their valley lay beneath their feet;

They heard the wide winged eagles pass;

The eagle cleft the clouds above, Yet what could they but sigh and love? "" If I could die," the elder sighed, "My dear young brother here might wed." "Oh, would to Heaven I had died."

The younger sighed, with bended head, Then each looked each full in the face And each sprang up and stood in place. " If I could die," the elder spake, "Die by your hand, the world would say 'Twas accident; and for her sake,

Dear brother, be it so, I pray." " Not that" the younger nobly said; Then tossed his gun and turned his head; And fifty paces back he paced, And as he paced he drew the ball;

Then sudden stopped and wheeled and faced His brother to the death and fall. Two shots ran wild upon the a r. But, lo, the two stood harmiess there. The eagle poised high in the air; Far far below the bellowing Of bullocks ceased, and everywhere

Vast silence sat all questioning. The spotted bounds ran circling round, Their red, wet noses to the ground. And now each brother came to know That each had drawn the dead And for that fair girl far below

Had sought in vain to silout fail, And then the two did gladly shake, And thus the elder bravely spake: " Now let us run right hast ly And tell the kind schoolmaster all: Yes, yea, and if she choose not me, But all on you her favors fall,

This valuant scene, till all life ends. Dear brother, binds us best of friends." The hounds sped down a spotted line, The bulls in tall, at-undant grass, Shook back their horns from bloom and vine And trumpeted to see them pass: They were so fair, they loved so true,

These brothers scarce knew what to do. They sought the kind schoolmaster out As sw.ft as aweeps the light of morn; They could but love, they could not doubt This man so gentle, in a horn, They eried: "Now, whose the lily hand, That lady's of this webfoot land?

They bowed before that big-nosed man, That long-posed man from Boston town; They talked as only lovers can; They talited, but he could only frown; And still they taiked, and still they plead;

It was as pleading with the dead. At last this Boston man did speak: "Her father has a thousand coows, An hundred bulls, all fat and sleek: He also had this ample becase," The brothers' eyes stuck out thereat So far you m ght have hung your hat.

" I liked the looks of th's big hoouse-My levely boys, won't you come in? Her father has a thousand ceows, He also has a heap of tin. The guirl? Oh yes, the guirl, you see, The guirl just neow she married me -Joaquin Miller, in Pacific Bural Press.

### THE PEASANT KING.

An Exchange Which Brought to

Him a Life-Long Regret.

One day a certain King grew weary of the luxurious life he was leading, for, one by one, his every pleasure became monotonous, and at last he knew to be beheaded if he should die. not what to do to make his life endur-

of the trouble would be to find out breath of fresh air. He hadn't prohow other Kings had lived before him, ceeded far, when he noticed some one and to ascertain what they did to gain following him. His follower was behappiness and peace of mind. Ac- tween him and the palace, and he cordingly, he ordered a courtier to col- could do nothing but depend upon leet all the books concerning Kings, himself in case of an attack. No matboth in history and fiction, and to ter where he walked, this man folread them aloud to him, that he might lowed him, so he sat down to see if the collect useful information on the sub- straggier would venture nearer. But

The courtier gathered a great num- watched. ber of these books and read them | The King thought that he could be at a loss for information regarding prospective assailant to know that he the details of royal happiness. When was watched. So he shouted for help, the King had about given up in de- and in an instant a dozen servants spair, the courtier came to an Fastern were at his side. story of a ruler who had found hap- "That man yonder is following me

courtier; "I have tried almost every plied the spokesman of the servants. other plan to be happy, but without "He is the man who follows you as a Peace Society. Including our militia success. I shall now try to find some guard, to prevent others from killing peasant in my realm who would like or molesting you." to be King. In all my travels I have "Is it then so common a thing for noticed how contented the peasants Kings to be killed in this way, that are. They seem to lack no require- it is necessary to have a constant ment of earthly happiness; they are guard?" always singing, even at their work. His servants assured him that such and I would give any thing to be as was the case. nappy as a peasant.

with the story, the King held his hand mediately to question the absolute day with the enumeration of table up for him to stop.

story. There may be a peasant in my to see him on all kinds of businessrealm who thinks true happiness people to have petitions signed, mincomes to those in power, and who isters with schemes of every descrip-

safety of his head was involved-and ally and mentally, that he regretted

On the following day the King a palace.

started out behind four white horses, in his best purple and golden crown. man he could find.

view. As the carriage drew nearer, carriage. THAT GENTLE BOSTON MAN. the King saw the occupant of the cabin digging in a patch. He seemed as happy as the birds that were singing on every limb; and he himself sung, while he pushed the spade into earth.

When the carriage stopped, the man dropped his spade, and came to the fence to see what was wanted.

The King stepped down and asked him some questions regarding the prospect of good crops in the country. and then said:

"I should be very well contented if were as happy as you are." "And I," replied the peasant, should be very happy if I were a

King." "You are one," replied the King, as he threw his robes about the man's shoulders, and placed the golden erown upon his head. "That is your carriage, and these are your servants, who will bear witness that we have enanged places, and that I am the

peasant."

The joy of the new-made King knew no bounds. He sat up in the carriage, with all the dignity of an old King. In his heart he fancied that he must be dreaming, and pinched his arms, and asked his attendants to stick pins in him that he might be sure he was awake. He thought of his great power with absolute glee, and felt supremely happy in the knowledge that he could make the country go to war, and cut off the heads of people who in any way displeased him. What puzzled him most was the fact that he had ever been happy before, and he was at a loss to

understand it. "Whip up the horses," he said; "I wish to reach the place before sundown."

But, in reality, he feared that the old King might have changed his mind, and might be running along the road to overtake them.

When he reached the place, there was little excitement, as all the inmates knew they were to have a new King, having been informed of the nature of the old King's mission in the

That night he made up his mind to have a grand banquet, such as a King should have. So he ate a most inordinate quantity of the richest dishes he could think of, and he did not stop until almost midnight, when he re-

He was awakened several times before morning with nightmare, and passed so miserable a night, that he was tired and sleepy when it was time to rise for the day. While he was a peasant and worked hard year in and vear out, he had never known any but nights of refreshing sleep.

But this did not trouble him much. He concluded that he would soon become accustomed to royal banquets, and that would be the end of sleepless nights. No sooner had he disposed of this trouble, than it occurred to him that he had heard that it was a commen thing for Kings to have their food poisoned. Perhaps his food had been insufficiently poisoned the night before. In that case the servants would make sure to put enough in his coffee to kall him at breakfast.

This was a terrible reflection, and it harrowed the King's feelings in a way that they had never been harrowed before. But he went to his breakfast, determining that he would not touch the coffee. Then he concluded that they might deceive him by putting the poison where he would least suspect it. When he was a peasant, he never knew such fear as this. He finished his breakfast in great alarm. His agitation had been so great that it gave

him a worried, pale look. "Is your Majesty well?" asked one of the courtiers. "Why?" said the King.

"Your Majesty certainly looks very ill," replied the courtier.

Then the King was satisfied that he was poisoned. So he threw himself upon a lounge, clasped his hands to his forehead, declared he had been poisoned, and ordered all the servants Shortly after, he was satisfied that

nothing serious was the matter, and So he concluded that a sure way out he went out in the garden to take a the man did not; he stood still and

aloud to the King, who still seemed to never be attacked if he allowed his

piness by changing places with a to kill me!" he cried, pointing at the man, who stood near.

"That will do," said the King to the "No, your Majesty, he is not," re-

This disturbed his peace of mind to

As the courtier attempted to go on such an extent that he began imhappiness of being a King. "Close the book," said he; "I shall When he returned to the palace

could be induced to exchange his position, so that the King's head spun, and plied: "Oh, mamma, I want some he didn't have time to think. The courtier protested against such After he had been a King two weeks, an experiment, until he thought the he was so completely undone, physic-

"Perhaps the old King," he thought, "is as tired of my lowly habitation as I to exchange places with the happiest am of his crown. I shall go and see if he w ll exchange places with me." So On an almost deserted road, he the King put on his finest robe and his espied a little cabin under some large crown, as the old King had previously trees that almost screened it from done, and drove away in his grandest

As soon as the old King had placed his crown on the head of the peasant, and had seen him vanish in the distance, he went out where the peasent the ground and turned up the soft had been digging, and continued the work. After he had worked half an hour, all the rheumatic pains, of which he couldn't rid himself as a King, departed. And he sang as merrily as the birds in the trees, and felt happier every minute. At dinner he had such an appetite that he enjoyed every morsel in a way that he had never done

during his entire reign. That night he slept as he had never been able to sleep while burdened with the affairs of his country. He didn't toss about at all, and he did not wake up until the sun was high. Then he hurried down and had his breakfast while the birds hopped about the door or sung in the rose-bush by the

"I am as happy as a King is sup-posed to be," he cried, "and I should be happy to know that the present King, poor fellow, would ever be as contented as I am now."

And the old King worked on in perfect contentment for days, feeling safe from the conspiracies of enemies, and on the best of terms with his own conscience, so that he was indeed a happy man.

The garden was progressing finely; and the new occupant grew happier every day, and saw nothing but sunshine. This continual flow of happiness was never disturbed until one night when the King peasant had a terrible nightmare. He awoke fearfully agitated and in a cold perspira-

He had dreamed that he was a King

He hastily arose and lighted a candle to take a look at the surroundings, to make sure that he was not in a palace and was not a King. He was afraid to go to sleep for fear the dream might be repeated.

That very day, when he was working and singing in the garden, he saw a great dust down the road; and in a few moments the carriage of the King stopped at the gate.

"How is the garden getting on?" said the new King. "Splendidly."

"Would you not like to give me my hovel back in exchange for your palace and crown?"

"I could not think of It!" said the old King. "You must go to some one who has never been a King, if you want to make such an exchange. If you go on a little farther down the road you may find some man who would be glad to wear a crown."

So the new King drove down the road and asked the first laborer he met, if he would like to be a King. "No," replied the laborer; "I was a King for a few days, and that was enough for me; I traded off my crown for this shovel and pickaxe, because the King who had given it to me for

a small hut refused to trade back." The King rode on; and much to his surprise, every man he met refused the unhappy Monarch's offer to make him a King, each one stating as his reason that he had already been a King for a greater or less period.

It seems that every man in the kingdom had worn the crown at one time or another, and that the King, who was trying to exchange places with the humblest being in the realm, was simply the last man in the land to get

Thus it was that the nation was filled with people who found the greatest happiness in the humblest spheres of life, and learned to be contented without nursing an ambition to be great or

The Peasant King had to rule all his life, for no one would exchange with bim. And when he was bent and tottering with age, he would go to the bridge that commanded the main avenue of his domain, with an umbrella held over him to keep off the sun and rain, and persistently offer his crown to every passer-by. But no one would accept it!-R. K. Munkittrick, in St. Nicholas.

### The Armies of Europe.

"The bloated armaments of the great military powers of Europe" display their proportions in a very striking manner in Colonel Vogt's work on "The European Armies of the Present." The mobilized strength of France is set down at 2,051,458 troops, exclusive of the territorial army, which is equally large; that of Russia at 1,922,405; Germany, 1,493,-690, and Austria-Hungary, 1,055,955. The military strength of Italy has now attained proportions that would have been deemed incredible ten years ago. Including militia, it is alleged to amount to 2,387,332 men. If, however, a similar inclusion be made in the case of Russia, the military strength of that power will probably be found to exceed even that of the French Republic. Compared with these figures, the numerical proportions of the British Army ought aland volunteers, as well as the Indian army, we can just niuster 781,677 troops. And these have to serve for the defense of territory distributed over a very much wider area than that ruled by any of the other powers .-Court Journal.

-A little East Boston girl whose mother had entertained her the other delicacies, particularly mentioned quail on toast as one of the most desirable of dishes, was surprised at the little one a day or two after, when the child, in follow the example of the King in the there were hundreds of people waiting dishes, was surprised at the little one a day or two after, when the child, in response to the query as to what she would have for dinner, promptly rewhale on toast!"-Golden Days.

-A man who sets out to study a woman's disposition can generally the day he had given up his hovel for learn a great deal, but the price of tuition is apt to be high.

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